

## LOTTA'S AGED MOTHER IS DEAD

NO ACTRESS EVER HAD A MORE DEVOTED MOTHER.

And No Stage Mother Was Ever a Better Conservator of the Daughter's Earnings—Nearly 40 Years of This Close Association—Lotta at the Deathbed.

Mary Ann Crabtree, mother of Lotta Crabtree, the retired actress, died of old age last night at the Hawthorne apartments, 128 West Fifty-ninth street. She was 85 years old. Since Lotta's retirement from the stage she and her mother have been living in New York or at Lotta's country estate in New Jersey. Lotta was with her at the end and so was her son, J. A. Crabtree. Another son, George, died some 10 years ago.

No stage mother was ever more closely associated with her daughter's career than Mrs. Crabtree. During the period—almost forty years—of Lotta's stage life her mother went with her everywhere, was in her dressing room at every performance and chaperoned her day and night. She was in a way Lotta's head wardrobe woman, and always on hand to help her dress. This constant chaperonage had the effect of discouraging authors. In the days when Lotta was not only a Broadway sensation but the richest American actress she was frequently reported as tottering on the brink of a matrimonial engagement. Mrs. Crabtree, it is said, always broke off these matches in one way or another. She held the family purse strings, too, and her head for business management kept the money which built up the Lotta fortune.

Lotta's father, John Ashworth Crabtree, was proprietor of a book store in New York before 1851 when he followed the gold rush to California. His family came on in 1854, and as soon as they reached San Francisco he hit it in a big way. The child was born in the city, and before she was a year old she was playing one night stands through the mining camps. They traveled by stage or by immigrant wagon, and roughed it from town to town. Mrs. Crabtree was always with the company. In the days of travel she heard Lotta's lessons, and at night she was her dresser. At one of their first stands the miners became so enthusiastic that they pitched bags of gold dust and nuggets over the footlights. Lotta herself has told how her mother ran out as soon as the curtain was down, gathered in the funds, and salted them down in bank for her daughter as soon as they reached San Francisco.

After becoming the pet of the California stage Lotta drifted East, her mother still with her. There were a few years of failure, but in 1867 she caught on, and her popularity was high for more than twenty years. Mrs. Crabtree took care of the funds, investing in city real estate, which has grown steadily in value. Lotta's father dropped out of the combination early in the game and went to live in England, where he died several years ago. Mother and daughter were never separated until about three years ago, when Lotta made a short trip to California. They lived mostly on their country estate.

## ORPHANS' DAY AT THE CIRCUS.

6,000 There, and the Circus Shook Hands With Most of 'Em.

It was children's day at the circus yesterday afternoon, and it would have been hard to find a happier spot in the whole of Manhattan Island than was Madison Square Garden, where tier on tier of shining faces greeted the circus folk. One hundred and seventeen orphan asylums and institutions for children received Mr. Bailey's invitation and not one least, last child was left behind. They arrived 6,000 strong. Harry Wentworth, the clown, did the honors and ruined a pair of white gloves in an effort to shake hands with all the children. Every one in the show was on his or her mettle, determined that "the kids" should have a day to remember the remainder of their lives. They had.

The children began to arrive at noon. They filled trains on the subway, swamped surface cars and made the neighborhood of the Garden look as if a big school was celebrating the coming of spring. Several institutions brought their bands and paraded about the arena amid the cheers of their friends from other schools. The youngsters went with a rush through the menagerie and the home of the free. Like the animals of the Ark they marched, two and two, with tightly clasped hands. Jimmy, or Billy, or George, or some other name by which the strange beasts who reside in the African section of the geography.

At last all were safely seated, and then came the Durbar and all the other wonders. It took some time for that first breathless feeling to wear away, but it did and then the youngsters brought their hands and feet into the arena amid the cheers of their friends from other schools. The youngsters went with a rush through the menagerie and the home of the free. Like the animals of the Ark they marched, two and two, with tightly clasped hands. Jimmy, or Billy, or George, or some other name by which the strange beasts who reside in the African section of the geography.

## QUICK TRIP 'TWIN THEATRES.

Frohman to Send Mr. Collier Across the Ocean in Exchange for Marie Tempest.

Another quick change feat was announced last night for Charles Frohman. This time it will be William Collier and "The Dictator" company that will cross the ocean. The company will sail on the Majestic on April 19, the day that Marie Tempest opens here at the Empire Theatre, and "The Dictator" will be presented at the Comedy Theatre, London, on May 3.

On May 31 the company will sail for New York on the St. Louis, arriving here in time to open for a summer run at the Hudson Theatre, beginning Tuesday, June 12. The trip, including trips, will take fifty-three days. The entire American company of forty-five people will be taken along, and in order to facilitate matters still further the entire force of stage hands, carpenters and electricians will go also.

The steamship fares for the transportation of the Collier and Tempest companies will aggregate \$30,000. With salaries for the idle weeks added the double change will cost Mr. Frohman more than \$50,000. He announces, however, that in spite of the enormous cost entailed in shifts he purposes to repeat the feat frequently with successful plays, the idea being to make New York and London theatrical neighbors.

It was also announced that owing to Edna May's success here in "The School Girl," Sally Frothingham Akers gave a song recital at Mendelssohn Hall yesterday afternoon. Her programme embraced songs by Salvador Rosa, Bach, Haydn, Tschakovsky, Schumann, Strauss, Grieg and eleven others, not to speak of one anonymous composition. Miss Akers has a very pretty voice, but there is a woful discrepancy between her upper and lower registers, and she has very crude ideas of style.

## News of Plays and Players.

The hotel bell boys have been invited to see "A Case of Frenzied Finance" at the Princess Theatre on Friday.

The 100th performance of "Fantasia" was given at the Lyric last night. Jefferson De Angelis played with his arm still in a sling. Alice Fischer, who is playing at Wallace's in "The School Girl," announced that she will hold a reception on the stage after to-day's matinee.

## ALBERT AND BEETHOVEN.

A Pianist Exploited as a Specialist in One Great Composer.

Eugen D'Albert, pianist, gave a recital last night at Carnegie Hall. The programme consisted entirely of compositions by Beethoven. They were the thirty-two variations in C minor, sonata in E flat, opus 31; No. 3, rondo, opus 51; No. 2, Rondo a Capriccioso, opus 125; sonata in A flat, opus 110, and sonata in C minor, opus 111. It had been actively disseminated that Mr. D'Albert was the greatest, if not the only living exponent of the piano music of Beethoven, and naturally it was regarded as a moral certainty that the entrance to the hall would be mobbed by excited throngs of music lovers, teachers and students out to acquire the true gospel.

But it was a poor night for mobs. The audience was of tolerable size and of competent temper. It failed to respond even to the determined and almost desperate efforts of a few habitual admirers of Mr. D'Albert to conjure up a phantasm of enthusiasm.

It may be true that Mr. D'Albert is the greatest living exponent of Beethoven, but if it is, then this is a mighty poor era for Beethoven. That this pianist is paved with good intentions toward the music of the greatest sonata writer is apparent through a thick fog of obscuring mannerisms in style.

There are splendid moments in his interpretation, but there are moments when it is impossible for him to employ the "loud pedal" or to play at his top speed. For instance his reading of the relative passage at the beginning of the last movement of Opus 110 was superb. Again, his treatment of the introductory trills before the final variations in the Opus 111 was that of a great master.

But there were too many passages played in a manner unworthy of an artist of such reputation. All rapid passages were pitifully blurred, and raked off at a lightning gait which precluded any possibility of clarity of rhythm or of color. They were simply waves of inchoate sounds.

Beethoven's right hand, hands seems seldom to be in Mr. D'Albert's mind and his bass is usually hard and aggressive. In the treble, too, he employs a deal of unnecessary finger power and frequently produces a hard and forced tone. The plain truth is that he does not play the piano affectionately, but with a suggestion of suppressed hostility to the instrument.

It may be that he loves Beethoven, but whom he loveth he chasteneth. Certainly there was no single number in his recital last night which was particularly noteworthy to serve as a model for those pianists who are to come after him.

## THE MODJESKA BENEFIT.

Half the Programme to Be Devoted to Paderewski's Piano Recital.

Daniel Frohman, who is arranging the testimonial performance to be given in honor of Mme. Modjeska at the Metropolitan Opera House on May 3, has decided to devote one-half of the programme to the piano recital by Ignace Paderewski. M. Paderewski has prepared an interesting programme.

James O'Neill is to play Macbeth in the scenes from the tragedy to be acted by Mme. Modjeska. Several other actors who have volunteered have played with Mme. Modjeska. Mrs. Patrick Campbell is to do a scene from one of her plays, and Mr. Frohman is trying to get as many of the original cast of "The Country Girl" as possible to appear with Ada Rehan.

Mr. Skinner has already telegraphed his desire to take the part first played. This testimonial will mark the last appearance of Paderewski in New York for several years.

## G. B. SHAW PLAY FOR CORBETT?

Manager Harris, in Booking the Flatie Hero, Hopes to Get One.

Henry B. Harris, manager of the Hudson Theatre, announced last night that he had signed a contract with James J. Corbett, securing that flatie hero's services for the next five years.

"I am trying," Mr. Harris added solemnly, "to get Bernard Shaw to dramatize his book, 'Cashel Byron's Profession,' in which I hope to produce Mr. Corbett. I believe Mr. Corbett to be one of the best light comedians in the country."

Mr. Shaw's story has already been dramatized once.

## CHARGES AGAINST AN EXCHANGE.

Attorney-General Asked to Close the Consolidated Stock Exchange.

PHILADELPHIA, April 11.—Specific charges against members of the Consolidated Stock Exchange were laid before Attorney-General Hampton L. Carson to-day. It was plainly asserted that a number of firms in the exchange have been guilty of crooked dealings. The firms have since closed up shop, but it was urged that this did not tend to lessen the gravity of the position of the exchange.

Immediately after the charges had been filed the Attorney-General left this city for Harrisburg, where he will decide whether there is sufficient evidence to warrant him beginning proceedings for the revocation of the exchange's charter, which he has been asked to do.

The organization has been ordered to remove its headquarters from the Bourse by May 1, when its lease expires. The board of directors of the exchange must to-day decide means of removing the exchange. Deals on the floor of the Consolidated Stock Exchange are virtually at a standstill. It is doubtful if \$100 in stock changed hands to-day.

## 222 YEARS OF WESTCHESTER

Celebrated by the Supervisors by a Dinner at Hotel Astor.

The Supervisors of Westchester county had their annual dinner in New York county last night in accordance with time honored custom. The dinner was at the Hotel Astor. Smith Hopkins presided, and in the course of the dinner presented to Chairman E. K. Brown an ivory gavel as a token of the board's desire to hold a bi-centennial celebration of the county's 222nd anniversary. The gavel was made by Stephen Van Tassel, Edward A. Forsyth and Walter B. Dixon. Most of the Supervisors were able to get said it was the 222nd anniversary of the board. Unless they have more than one anniversary a year that takes them back to 1693.

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## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

It is interesting to consider how much purely technical knowledge concerning all manner of modern inventions and up to date scientific theories the writer of stories requires in these days of practical and realistic fiction. You may say Kipling "began it," but he certainly has a school of able followers.

The motor and its mechanism is as essential a part of an author's equipment just now as an aptitude for romantic invention. All the recent psychological phenomena, the marvels of electricity, surgery and hygiene, mechanics of every sort enter into the modern romance.

One of the recent stories published which might be called almost a psychological study of a warship in action and its love affair with a torpedo boat which came to the rescue; another is a literary appreciation of the experiences of the engineers, inspectors and workers at the dredging of the harbors, and is called "The Dredgers."

Another story dealing with a purely psychological problem tells of a mortgage one person fastens upon the brain of another and refuses to foreclose.

And the remarkable thing in this realistic fiction is that the writers challenge the criticism of the experts in their accuracy in technical details and verify their premises by most careful study. It may be called the age of reason in romance, the poetry of the practical in literature.

W. D. Howells, who has been in Italy for the past year, has left Genoa and is now on his way to America. Evidently Mr. Howells wishes to escape the tourist season in Italy. All true lovers of Italy dread the influx of spring visitors, and no scorn is so bitter and so patronizing as the scorn of the sojourner in a foreign land for the tourists who come to disturb the foreign atmosphere and to crowd the picturesque and peaceful byways. Mr. Howells will probably go to his home at Kittery Point, Me., for the summer. The new novel he is in preparation will be published by Harpers in about two months.

The current number of the *Critic* demonstrated the fact that the best known writers of the day are not college graduates. Now *Harper's Weekly* calls attention to the much more notable fact that among the men writers who are not college bred one must place Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Howells, James, Cable, Kipling, Aldrich, Du Maurier, Law, Wallace and many others by which the list may be extended at the reader's convenience.

Stevenson went to college, and by his own declaration was a very lazy student. Hawthorne went to Bowdoin and Holmes to Harvard, but college education does not make story writers of either men or women. The good story writer is the man who has a story to tell and knows how to tell it—all of which belongs under the head of genius, and genius cannot be reduced to rules and printed in a text book for students to commit to memory in college.

For which the world should be grateful, since even now "of making books there is no end," and if the trade could be taught and learned in school the plague of books would be even worse than it is at present.

A very good answer to the question so often propounded, "Why do not American people take interest in rare editions of hand made books?" is furnished by the experience of the *Riverside Press*. The 250 "hand made" copies of the limited edition of Boccaccio's "Life of Dante" recently brought out were all subscribed for on publication, and of the 350 copies of "A Comolotario Letter or Discourse sent by Plutarch of Chaerona upon His own Wife as touching the death of her and his Daughter," which will be ready April 15, 300 copies have been subscribed for already. The latter is one of the less known chapters in Plutarch's "Moralia" was written, it is said, upon the actual occasion indicated in its title. The translator, Philemon Holland, was called by his contemporary, Fuller, "translator general in his age."

The book is a thin octavo, bound in dark paper boards with cloth back and printed with the Brimmer Roman type all in black on an English hand made paper. The chief difficulty seems to be in getting the books finished fast enough for the demand for faultless work is necessarily slow in completion. The sale of the books depends principally upon the interest book collectors take in obtaining this expensive edition and in talking about them to other connoisseurs of book making. It would seem that the demand for the hand made books in America is leading the supply at present and that the American people are interested in rare editions and fine typography.

"The Children's Alceus" is an interesting feature of the publishing house which supplies the literature required in the schools as supplementary reading. The Alceus set apart for the schoolchildren is a railed enclosure provided with book shelves, a reading table and chairs, and presided over by large portrait of Kate Douglas Wiggin, who seems to be the tutelary saint of the shrine. After school hours bright faced boys and girls come in smiling to look over the books at their leisure and depart happy with treasures best suited to their purpose. It is really a very interesting little literary club room with wide open membership and no board of governors is required to make things unpleasant.

Camille Maucclair's "Auguste Rodin," which Dutton & Co. are bringing out in an English translation, is one of the important books of the season. M. Maucclair has long been regarded as the sculptor's literary mouthpiece, and the book is an authorized account of Rodin both as a man and a sculptor, and has received the imprimatur of the artist himself. The list of Rodin's statues was made "in his house and according to his advice," and the book may be looked upon as the apology of the master for his life's work. Some of the best parts of it are those in which Rodin's aesthetic philosophy is given in his own words, for he expresses himself with the terse incisiveness of his style as a sculptor.

"I invent nothing," he says, "I discover. And the thing seems new because people have generally lost sight of the aims and means of art; they take that for an innovation which is nothing but a return to the laws of the great sculpture of long ago." Few artists of the past had contemporary critics at their call to note down and interpret for posterity the details of their life work.

During the recent strike on the metropolitan railways Le Roy Scott, the author, worked as a guard in the subway and on the elevated trains, gathering in formation in strike breaking. A sketch of Jim Farley by Mr. Scott will appear in the *World* and his new book is called "The Walking Delegate."

Rodrigy Kipling's view of the Russians is frankly stated in *Visions of Russia*, recently published book through Isle

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and Empire." The author describes a visit with Kipling in which during a discussion about the East Indians Kipling said: "I like the Russians, too, with the same feeling of sympathy that draws me toward the Oriental. They are so Oriental. Look at Tolstoi. He's a fakir. That longing to push his ideas to their ultimate catastrophe is just like the Hindu ascetic. He does his procreative duty and then cures the flesh and retires into solitude."

Mr. Herman Whitaker, author of "The Probationer," speaking of his early literary ventures has somewhat to say that will be of interest and inspiration to fledgling authors whose manuscripts "travel far before finding a haven of promise." "One does not acquire technique in a day," Mr. Whitaker says. "The stories I sent out came back like homing doves, but now and then one would bring a green leaf, promise of the future, in the shape of a kindly editorial comment. How I wrote and rewrote those stories! One I wrote twenty times, and then, what of the things I took out and the things I put in, it found grace with an editor. In the first six months I added some \$300 cash to my debt, but by the end of the year I had cleared a thousand dollars."

Hamlin Garland is in New York for a week or so going over the proof of his novel "The Tyranny of the Dark," which Harpers will publish in book form this spring. As soon as arrangements for its publication are complete he intends to take a six months vacation from all literary work and to spend part of the time looking after his ranch in Indian Territory, where this year he expects to have many acres of wheat, corn and potatoes. Later Mr. Garland contemplates "hitting the trail" again, this time across the Rocky Mountains.

Of the many stories told of Henry George's famous book "Progress and Poverty," the twenty-fifth anniversary edition of which has just been published, the most entertaining one comes from Australia. When Mr. George was making a tour of the world he reached Melbourne on the day of the Melbourne Derby and was invited by one of his friends interested in the racecourse to go as his guest. Reluctantly Mr. George accepted, and the friend, desiring to do his distinguished guest the highest honor, asked the president of the racecourse association to make Mr. George an honorary member.

"But Mr. George doesn't own any horses, does he?" inquired the president. "Oh, yes," said the friend. "He owns two, Progress and Poverty, and they are running in the United States every day."

The Grant Duff Diary, now ready for publication, is an inexhaustible treasury of anecdote and episode, personal reminiscence of famous people and experimental knowledge of important events. The two volumes to be issued during the spring under the title "Notes from a Diary," bring the Diary to a close. The notes begin on New Year's Day, 1851, when Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff, having just taken his degree at Oxford, had reached Avignon on his way to pay his first visit to Rome, and end with the 23d day of January, 1901, when the Privy Council took the oath to King Edward VII. A glance through the pages shows the appetite with which the author has written the "Notes from a Diary," and the author visited Carlyle together. The book bristles with box notes made by famous men on important occasions and, open it where you will, there is a "story" and a good one to amuse and interest. It is a pot-pourri of sly and fragrant reminiscence—meetings of the Breakfast Club, banquets

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Gertrude Atherton, who has been spending the winter in California, is now in New York for a few days before going to the Continent. She will spend two months traveling in Italy and then expects to go to Munich where she makes her headquarters.

Gets Divorce From Secretary Borden.

Mrs. Mai S. Borden obtained from Supreme Court Justice McCall yesterday a decree divorcing her from James McKee Borden, with alimony at the rate of \$1,500 a year, and the custody of their only child. The Borden were married in 1904 at Washington. Mrs. Borden comes from a well known Georgia family, and Borden is secretary of the Department of Charities.

There is a sharp controversy between the members of the Downtown Taxpayers' Association in Brooklyn as to the choice of a name for the proposed new park bounded by Bridge, Tillary and Jay streets. Some favor calling it McLaughlin Park in honor of the late Hugh McLaughlin, who in early life lived alongside the site.

Others recorded the suggestion of the Brooklyn League that it should be called Maxwell Park after the late Henry W. Maxwell, the philanthropist, while others regard Bridges Park as the most appropriate title, inasmuch as the late Alderman John J. Bridges worked earnestly for the laying out of the park. A couple of months ago the Taxpayers' Association unanimously adopted a resolution calling on the city authorities to name it McLaughlin Park, but at its meeting on Monday night this resolution was rescinded and the matter is now open for further consideration.

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